

The Musical World.

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ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HER MAJESTY'S PRIVATE BAND.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I trust you will favour me by correcting a mistake made in your journal of last Saturday relative to the salary of the principal Violoncello in Her Majesty's Private Band. When first engaged some ten years since, my salary was £80 per annum; afterwards it was raised to £90, and eventually to £100; but, in consequence of my having accepted some other engagements in 1853, Mr. Anderson deducted £20 from the £100 (I agreeing to furnish a Deputy for the Queen's duties at my own expense), leaving me in the receipt of £80 per annum; which sum continued up to January last, in which month Mr. Anderson promised that from that period (upon my relinquishing certain engagements) I should again have the £100; and a further promise was at the same time made, that shortly the salary should be increased to £130. Of course I depend upon these promises.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

HORATIO CHIPP.

(Musician in Ordinary to Her Majesty,
and Member of Her Majesty's Private
Band.)

49, Great Portland Street, Portland Place,
March 28th, 1855.

THE RENTRÉE OF MADAME VIARDOT.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—When I had the honour of addressing you on the 14th inst., I requested you, it is true, to oppose to the severe opinion of your correspondent, on the *rentrée* of Mad. Pauline Viardot at the Théâtre Italien in Paris, that of M. Verdi, and some of the critics of the Parisian press, according to your choice. I did not, however, ask for the insertion of my own letter, which was intended for yourself alone; and I cannot but regret the fact of its publication, since it has offended your correspondent.

Permit me a single question, to bring this discussion to an end:—

Is it true that your correspondent selected for translation the least good-natured passage, not only in the article of the *Constitutionnel*, but in all the articles of the Parisian journals? Is it true that, in the English version, and through a typographical error which I could not suspect, the passage ended with a phrase still less good-natured, that seemed to form part of it, although your correspondent had added it as the expression of his own personal opinion?

If you grant me these two incontestable points, I am justified; and already, by the insertion of my protest, you recognised its justice.

I beg, Sir, having published my first letter, that you will also publish the present, which shall be the last. At the same time, pray accept the expression of my sentiments *les plus distingués*.

Paris, March 27, 1855.

LOUIS VIARDOT.

[The misplacing of inverted commas has been admitted. The other point we are unable to cede to M. Viardot, since the article of M. Fiorentino, taken as a whole, was decidedly less "good-natured" than the letter of our correspondent. We are in-

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clined to believe, however, that M. Viardot cannot have read our own remarks (*ante*, 168, 169), or the reply of our correspondent (*ante*, 180) with very strict attention. It is better, however, to let the matter rest.—Ed. M. W.]

THE TUNER AT MANCHESTER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The condescending notice in your valuable journal (No. 11.) of one so humble in the Musical World as a Tuner, leads me to hope you will kindly allow me space in your columns to say, that, though the accident was serious and the suffering great, the sympathy, the interest, and the liberality of Mr. Hallé, the committee, the subscribers, and of Mr. Broadwood, were so prompt, so spontaneous, and so affectionate, as to prove the humanising effect of music, and demand and excite my deepest gratitude for the honour and consolation bestowed on

"THE POOR TUNER."

Manchester, 26th March, 1855.

MENDELSSOHN AND THE PARISIAN CRITICS.

(Translated from the *Neue Wiener Musik-Zeitung*.)

In an article in *La France Musicale*, on the Chamber Concerts in Pleyel's Saloons, Paris, the critic takes the opportunity afforded by the air: "*Gott, sei uns gnädig*," from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, sung by Herr Stockhausen, to speak of the celebrated German composer as follows:—

"The Berlin composer, who, in his symphonies, reminds us too often of Beethoven, manifests in his oratorios the admiration he felt for Händel. But, though he may have succeeded in catching the form of his model, he could not imitate his genius, for genius is inimitable. The air which Herr Stockhausen sang, is dull (*terne*), and wants that gleam of divine fire which invests musical productions with life.

"The most prominent portions of Händel's oratorios are the choruses! In spite of this, if we would know how superior Händel's airs are to those of Mendelssohn, we have but to compare the above-mentioned air from *St. Paul* with those of the *Messiah*, and 'But who shall abide' and 'The trumpet shall sound.' We shall then see in what the first-named composer was deficient."

These words express pretty nearly the sentiments of all French critics and the mass of the French public towards Mendelssohn, whose name has long rested upon the pinnacle of musical fame, and whose works Germany and England, and the populations of North America, descended chiefly from these two countries, cannot hear sufficiently often. Whoever considers the character of the French people, and especially that of the Parisians, who always set the fashion, on the one hand, and the spirit of Mendelssohn's music, on the other, will not be so much astonished that it should have such difficulty in obtaining admittance into France, and find it so hard a task to win the hearts of Frenchmen. Beethoven's fate was entirely different, for his compositions were first appreciated, and their real grandeur first acknowledged in Paris.* But Beethoven's music, especially his later symphonies—where his peculiarities, which laid the foundation for his fame, are more apparent than elsewhere—possesses, in the highest degree, qualities most easily appreciated by the French; namely, a bold, revolutionary spirit, which violently breaks through all the ordinary forms, taking a pleasure in

* A great mistake. It was in London.—Ed. M. W.

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL



humorous leaps and astounding points, and not despising the most glaring antitheses, to produce outward effect; and a fertile imagination, always conducting to fresh excitement. Mendelssohn's music, on the contrary, is completely a music of the mind; its beauty is altogether feminine, and gushes from the depths of the soul. Its distinguishing character is, therefore, not so easily caught; like the soul of man, it may be compared to a secret, that is not revealed to every one.

Any person who overlooks the peculiar character of Mendelssohn's symphonies, or merely perceives in them an imitation of those of Beethoven, is evidently affected with blindness or fooled by prejudice, for we might just as well declare them to be imitated from the symphonies of Mozart.

If a certain art-form has, through the great masters, been so fully developed and worked out to the utmost extent allowed by the laws of the Beautiful, as the symphony has been, it is pretty well impossible to avoid a certain resemblance, as regards the texture of subsequent works of the same description.

In this manner, however, even Beethoven himself reminds us of Mozart, and Mozart of Händel. But how different is the spirit that greets us in Mendelssohn's symphonies; how different that which greets us in Beethoven's.

A similar principle holds good of oratorios. What composer, choosing this particular form, and desirous of producing something that will live, can altogether avoid thinking of Händel's model works in this branch of the art? But how different is the spirit which distinguishes the works of the two masters! How truly and surely do they penetrate the character of the time and the state of men's minds; how well do they represent even those subjective elements of the time in which they lived, and of their own disposition, which alone can impart to a work of art that living individuality and character of authenticity, by which they inflame and act upon kindred spirits. How naively, and in what light pleasing colours does the complacent belief of Händel's time display itself, on every occasion that feelings of devotion, or the influence of faith, are expressed.

How elegiacally coloured, how full of yearning is the prevailing tone of Mendelssohn's sacred music! Lastly, if we consider for a moment the phantastically poetic muse of Mendelssohn in his musical illustrations of great poetical works, such as his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, his *Walpurgisnacht*, and his overtures to *Die Schöne Melusine*, *Fingalshöhe*, etc., we shall not be surprised that the airy poetry of these compositions, so far elevated above everything earthly, should be completely unintelligible to the most unpoetical people in the whole world—namely, the French! Even Shakspeare and Göthe's works are unintelligible to them!

MANAGERIAL BULLS.—The manager of a well-known London theatre headed the bills of a certain performance with the following announcement:—"Immense attraction! Crowded Houses!!! In consequence of the triumphant success of the Play of —, it will be performed every evening." Then followed the particulars of the bills; to which was annexed the foot-note:—"In consequence of the total absence of the public, the theatre will close on Monday."—Mr. E. T. Smith, of Drury Lane Theatre, in the bills of *L'Étoile du Nord*, announced that, by the unanimous verdict of the press, the execution of Meyerbeer's opera was better than in Paris. To fortify this statement, he reprinted part of an article from one of the leading morning papers—omitting or inserting adjectives to suit his purpose, which gave it the appearance (no doubt to the surprise of the writer, if it happened to come under his notice) of an unqualified puff on the manager and his establishment; yet, with these announcements continually before the eyes of a perplexed and stupified public, Mr. E. T. Smith, on his benefit night, being summoned to the footlights by a friend in the gallery, stepped forward and made a speech, in which he rated, in angry terms, the critic whose criticism he had misquoted, to meet his own ends, for having made a dead set at his theatre!—A third manager, on the occasion of an empty house, appeared in front of the drop, and dropped the following words in face of the pit, suddenly:—"Ladies and Gentlemen—as there is nobody here, I will dismiss you all." These managers are as bad as those at Scutari and Balaklava.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD.

(Translated from the "Königliche Privilegirte Berlinische Zeitung.")

As we already hinted in our preliminary notice, Miss Goddard's concert was particularly noticeable for the excellent selection of pieces which the fair artist had selected, and which afforded us a treat as great as it was uncommon. Unfortunately, we lost a great part of Mendelssohn's quartet for pianoforte and stringed instruments, through an error in the programme, which deceived a great many other persons as well as ourselves, the concert being announced to begin at half-past seven, whereas that hour was afterwards changed to seven. This, however, only lent an additional charm to the latter half of the composition, from which the sparkling genius of the author gushes forth with such fire, and which Miss Goddard executed with really manly skill and strength, though, at the same time, with the most beautiful feminine grace and tenderness. In Mozart's sonata, which, overflowing with melody, may be denominated a perfect balm for the wounds of the present age—for all who, in the paroxysm of the wound fever, do not reject the cure—the artist could scarcely do more than display the feminine qualities we named last. This, however, she did with the most finished grace and deepest feeling. When thus rendered, these passages, technically considered mere child's play, although containing so much true sentiment and imagination, become absolutely difficult, even in a technical point of view, from the perfect evenness and nicely graduated distinctions of expression. Her Grünwald, who undertook the violin part, almost equalled Miss Goddard in execution. Would that we were oftener entranced with these works of Mozart, which, although always neglected, invariably bear, in some way or other, the stamp of the highest pre-eminence. We might then, perhaps, be enabled to apply to Mozart and ourselves the words of the poet:—

" . . . der uns vom falschen Regelzwange
Zur Wahrheit und Natur zurückgeführt."*

With one modification, however, since it is not exactly from the "false constraint of rules" that we suffer, but from the contrary evil. This comprised the performance of Miss Goddard in the first part of the concert The whole of the second part was supported by the fair *beneficiaire* alone, who performed Beethoven's colossal sonata in B major, in many respects the most insurmountable of all his pianoforte compositions. Only those who, by careful study, have gained an insight into the difficult and complicated nature of this work, are fully capable of appreciating the extraordinary and masterly performance of Miss Goddard. Thanks to her playing, her hearers were, to a certain extent, carried, in an easy litter, over the precipitous heights, and rough, dangerous paths, which every one who executes this work has to scale. And yet, if they only listen attentively, the audience have to perform some part of the labour themselves, a task which but very few of them can accomplish. This sonata, during the thirty years or thereabouts that it has been known to the select musical public, has constantly employed the utmost energies of all musicians, who have in vain exercised their powers of execution and judgment on this enigmatical Sphinx. For our own part, we have only heard it played in private by a few, and that more as an attempt of detached portions than a great whole. A less celebrated, but still clever, pianist, Mortier des Fontaines, intended to play it in public; Liszt is said to have done so; while Mendelssohn, we are assured, several times attempted it, but declared he found the last movement insurmountable, on account of the long, continuous exertion requisite.† One thing is certain: it is a most stupendous task for the pianist, and, even supposing others can accomplish it, the so highly-gifted *beneficiaire* in the present instance has the threefold merit of having played it here first, of being a lady who did so, and of having done so with a fluency of perfection, in which it is doubtful that any man ever equalled, much less surpassed her. That Miss Goddard, immense though her triumph, cannot achieve any

* . . . Who, from the false constraint of rules,
Has led us back to Nature and to Truth.

† Mendelssohn played the whole sonata from memory at a private party in London—how we need hardly say.—Ed. M.W.

great result with the concert-public, is a fact inherent to the nature of the matter itself; but even with the concert-public she achieved the triumph of the *greatest astonishment*, although the *how* and the *what* were enveloped in a thick veil of mystery for most of those present. She is entitled to the more praise, because she renounced a personal, universal triumph, which she could have gained so easily and so brilliantly, to accomplish a really artistic task, which is certainly a great one in a historical point of view, if in no other, since it is for the artist of the highest importance—it is, indeed, an absolute necessity—to have a full, perfect performance of whatever Beethoven has written. For this service, so difficult to render, we are indebted to Miss Goddard. In this respect, the second part of the concert was quite as *remarkable* as the first was, by her splendid talent, *agreeable*. The fair artist has gathered for herself one of the wreaths of fame most difficult to be gained. **RELLSTAR.**

The following rhapsody is from the *Phoenix*, a Berlin paper:—
“Miss Arabella Goddard, who had previously appeared only as the gentle morning or evening star, at the concerts of others, shone as the luminous cynosure at her own concert, which was announced for Friday, the 2nd, but afterwards postponed to Tuesday, the 6th instant. Around her glittered other planets with their satellites; among whom the *German Vivier*, although without his triple-tongued magical French horn, and Mdlle. Agnes Bury, of Berlin, from the Theatre Royal Drury Lane.

“Again did Miss Arabella Goddard play, in blue satin dress, hovering in her usual coy, quiet, loving manner, over the keys. It was Felix Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor, through which the British water-nymph floated in her blue satin robe. Her performance appears inspired with the gentle zephyrs, in which alone we may suppose the spirit of God to declare itself. The tones fall noiselessly like white flakes of snow, and as full of sweetly subduing influence as the appeasing showers of Nestor's words. The blue naiad might have composed Mendelssohn's *adagio* herself, so gently did it heave with a wavy motion, and so full was it of elegiac sweetness. The breezes from Apollo's sacred fane, which the Hyperboreans believed to be constructed of wax and swans' feathers, founded by the swans of the God of the Muses himself, and sanctified in the oracular city, did not blow more gently to Delphi. Right bravely did the string-flourishes of the brothers Ganz come in, at intervals; I thought I heard the clear warbling of the birds, which in Georges Sand's *Teverino*, fluttered in flocks around little Madeline, a kind of *Mignon aux Oiseaux*, whenever she showed herself among the trees or in the fields. And Madeline was so quiet and still, and allowed the little birds to come near her, just like our ‘sweet silence’ Miss Arabella Goddard. The trio was followed by one or two songs and the ‘Forelle’ of Stephen Heller, played with refreshing, brook-like murmuring, by Miss Undine, as if she were having a game of Hide-and-Seek with the said ‘Forelle’ (trout), so that we all felt a similar sensation to that experienced by Polonius's ‘carp of truth,’ or Parolles's ‘trout,’ both of which are caught by tickling. Who would not be such a trout, or, at least, Göthe's fisher. The first part concluded with an ‘Ave Verum,’ a prayer by E. Silas, composed in the church style, and softly breathed heavenward by Mdlle. Agnes Bury, like a second St. Cecilia. A song of Taubert, sung by Herr von der Osten; a romance for violin, in F major, No. 2, by Beethoven, performed by Herr Leopold Ganz; two songs sung with peculiar force and freshness by Mdlle. Agnes Bury; and Handel's ‘Harmonious Blacksmith,’ performed by Miss Goddard amidst the most hearty manifestations of delight, concluded the concert of this fair Anglo-Saxon, the countrywoman of King Alfred, and the angelically mild, spiritual heiress of his David's harp, as still as night, who sat enthroned so calmly and nobly at the piano, as if she had been that lofty symbol of her diademed island, which England's greatest poet compared to a swan, that in peaceful dignity reposes in its nest, cradled upon the transparent bosom of the silver pond.”

MOZART'S REQUIEM and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* are to be performed together at the Birmingham Musical Festival in September.

REACTIONARY LETTERS.

No. XII.

(Concluded from page 180.)

It would appear as if we had been ordered to place another hero, namely, Hector Berlioz, by the side of Wagner, and then break out into a universal fit of ecstasy.

We should very much like to be once more regularly enraptured, and we have tried all sorts of things, among the rest Berlioz's *Sinfonie fantastique*, as the foundation of the present letter, with the idea that a little of its “delirious passion” might gush over upon ourselves. But, perhaps, an innocent goose-quill is not a proper conductor, and consequently we are sorry to confess that we remain quite unmoved by his “movements of fury and of jealousy,” his “returns of tenderness,” his “tears,” his “religious consolations,” and all the other things said to be contained in the first movement of the *Sinfonie*.

Berlioz has been designated a “second Beethoven,” and—with some justice, for he has adopted a great deal belonging to Beethoven, especially his instrumental effects. We also find a certain working out of the theme; but all this is simply outward show. True depth—inward strength of motive is wanting. In four, and sometimes in two, bars of Beethoven there is an idea worth spinning out into a hundred bars, while, in the forty bars comprising the principal theme of the *Sinfonie* there is only one exceedingly weak French bit of sentiment. Yet, Berlioz produces a certain effect by his compositions—he astounds. But even the Parisians will not let him astound them any more. Berlioz complains of this, and now turns to the good Germans; we, however, will not let him astound us either, but, with the justifiable pride we feel in our masters—Händel, Bach, Mozart, and Haydn, reject him. God speed him!

It is a different thing with Wagner. There is a depth of sentiment—there is true feeling in his music. A little less vanity, and a little more preparatory study would have qualified him for a place among the first German masters. But he is still making progress. His *Lohengrin* ranks much higher than his *Tannhäuser*, although some one at Leipzig says (in the *Signale*)—“We enjoy the first act of *Lohengrin*, but we only tolerate the others.”

A constantly increasing party is now formed against him, but it has unfortunately fallen into the same fault as the party which is for him: it exaggerates, and would fain not admit in him the really excellent qualities he possesses. All the strictures which have appeared in these letters can be substantiated by proof. We are very sorry that his blind admirers will feel annoyed at them. We hope, however, that some of their number will hear reason—indeed, one or two, here and there, have already emancipated themselves. We are but too willing to believe that many are sincere in their opinion—for instance, the critic of the *Königsberger Hartung'sche Zeitung*, Herr Louis Köhler; only he puts too much faith in seeming authorities, and is wrong, when, in the attack against myself, he asserts: Everyone has the power of judging music. Had he himself, for instance, been a little better informed, he would never have been dazzled by a certain Giordani's manner of singing. After the first eight bars sung by this person, it was easy to see what sort of an artist he was. Herr Köhler's eyes were not opened, however, until the public would have no more to do with Giordani. Very much the same is true in the case of Kellerman, who possesses a great deal of technical skill, but wants the sacred artistic fire. “Violoncello King” was rather an eccentric expression to apply to him.

We have already advised Herr Köhler—and we do so again, now—to make himself acquainted with things, before he treats of them publicly, and, also, quietly to allow other people to have an opinion as well as himself. He should, likewise, read what Director Gotthold has written about *Tannhäuser*, for it contains a great deal of truth. Köhler, however, is a good child, of whom we hope everything good, and have not the slightest apprehension that in future he will compose songs according to his “melody of speech.” We will now conclude these letters. Other persons, who have more time and a more practised pen, have undertaken to examine with

impartiality the good and the bad our own time brings forth, and we may, therefore, busy ourselves with what is more agreeable to us and concerns us more nearly : Writing down crotchets and quavers.

SOBOLEWSKY.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE last week has been a blank in the operatic world of Paris, no novelty having seen the light at any of the four lyric theatres. The Théâtre-Italien has been occupied with benefits, and the usual fragmentary and unsatisfactory representations which precede the final close of the season. The Grand-Opéra attracts a crowded audience three times a week, with the *Juive*, and Mdle. Sophie Cruvelli as Rachel. *Le Pré aux Clercs*, *Yvonne*, *Le Chien du Jardinier*, etc., fill the benches of the Opéra-Comique. The Théâtre-Lyrique pursues its successful career with Mad. Marie Cabel in *Le Muletier de Tolède*, and Mad. Deligne-Lauters in *Robin des Bois*. This lull in the musical atmosphere is but the calm which precedes the tempest of novelties, that in the month of May is to draw all Europe within the precincts of the Queen of Capitals. Never were rehearsals more numerous, and never were artists more severely taxed than those whose mellifluous notes are to charm that portion of mankind, from Indus to the Pole, which will be attracted to this most enchanting of cities during the course of next summer, that is to say (by way of parenthesis), if summer there is to be; for the spring has set in with more than usual severity, the famous horse-chestnut tree of the Tuileries is covered with snow in place of leaves, and spongy April, instead of betrimming our "banks with peonied and lilled brims," has nipped the too early blossoms, frozen the bubbling brooks, and produced a fourth course of cough, catarrh, and cold, which have seized old and young, rich and poor, in their relentless grasp. However, time and rehearsals wait not for man or woman. At the Opéra *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* undergoes the ordeal four times a week, and the first performance will certainly take place early in May. Mdle. Cruvelli (in spite of malevolent reports to the contrary, industriously circulated by her enemies) likes her part, and is indefatigable in her attendance. From all I hear, this opera will be the greatest success Signor Verdi has ever obtained, and will have as great a run as the *Trovatore*—the representations of which at the Italiens have, if report speaks truly, nearly repaid Colonel Ragani for the heavy and continued losses he had incurred before its production. The *Prophète* may also be expected in the middle of April, Mad. Stoltz having recovered from the severe illness which confined her to bed for some weeks past. The greatest interest is manifested in this revival, when Mad. Stoltz will be heard for the first time as Fides, a part which she has long and carefully studied, and which is peculiarly suited to her genius, lyric and dramatic.—The Théâtre-Lyrique works not less fervently at the preparations for a new opera, whereof M. Halévy has written the music, and M. Saint-Georges the libretto. The principal part is entrusted to Madame Marie Cabel, who sings, alternately, three and four times in the week, in the *Muletier de Tolède*, but, notwithstanding the consequent fatigue, attends rehearsal three times a week, during four or five hours at a stretch, and warbles to chorus, orchestra, and composer, as though the house was crowded with the audience she never fails to attract and delight.—At the Opéra-Comique, a new opera, by M. Ambroise Thomas, to be called *La Cour de Célimène*, is also in full rehearsal, and those who have heard the music anticipate a success for the composer at least equal to that which attended *Le Caid*. This theatre has also been fortunate enough to secure a new opera by the immortal Auber, which will be produced in the course of the summer. As if these novelties were insufficient, M. Félicien David has composed the music, and M. Méry written the words of an opera to be entitled, *Le Dernier Jour*; and M. Thalberg has just completed another, called *Monaldeschi*, founded on a dramatic episode in the life of Queen Christina of Sweden. Here then is quantity enough for the greatest musical glutton. As to quality, *nous verrons*, and a few weeks more will enable us to judge of the merits of these various compositions.

M. Niedermeyer, director and founder of the school of religious music in Paris, has made his report to the Minister of Public Instruction, on the condition of this establishment, so lately founded, and which has already effected much good. The Archbishop of Paris has taken the school under his especial patronage and gives a prize every year. It was this year obtained by M. Audran of the diocese of Paris. The first prize for organ playing was carried off by M. Rimbaud of the diocese of Montpellier; that for singing by M. Bollaert from Cambrai; and that for the pianoforte, by M. Rimbaud. The pupils are educated, in matters religious, by the clergy of St. Louis d'Antin; and M. Niedermeyer reports that he has undertaken the direction of the music performed in that church. He has introduced a mode of accompaniment to the chanting which differs from that usually followed, and has substituted for the profane music, too often heard in our churches, masterpieces of the great classical composers. He has formed a choir composed of the best artists in Paris, in which many of his pupils join, and has thus enabled them to combine practice with instruction, and to obtain that knowledge which will enable them to fill the difficult functions of *Maître de Chapelle* and organist.

M. Crosnier has also made his report as Director of the Académie Impériale de Musique, and the Emperor has approved of the budget presented by him. The *subvention* is to be increased to 800,000 francs (£32,000) *per annum*. Prior to 1852 the *subvention* was 620,000 francs (£24,800) a year, but at that period it was increased to a yearly sum of 680,000 francs (£27,200), to enable the existing administration to pay off, by yearly instalments, a debt of 400,000 francs (£16,000), with which it was burthened. Instead, however, of the debt having diminished, it has more than doubled, and it will probably, ere long, be paid by the State. Under the restoration, when this great establishment was, as now, managed by the State, it cost the Civil List from 600,000 to 700,000 francs a year, in addition to a *subvention* of equal amount. The salaries of artists and other expenses have certainly increased since that time, and as M. Crosnier is making many new engagements, the opera will probably be a charge on the public purse to the extent of some £30,000 or £40,000 a year, in addition to the *subvention*. During the Exhibition the house will be open every night, and though there will be a relay of singers, it is impossible to have two orchestras, so the fingers of the fiddlers will be sorely tried before the autumn. Nor Sunday, nor any other day, will bring a holiday to them.

At the Gymnase, M. Alexandre Dumas (*fils*) has made another great hit with his new play, *Le Demi-Monde*, which all Paris is rushing to see. This clever young author has assumed a speciality for illustrating the lives of Phrynes and Aspasias, the *Dames aux Camelias*, or *aux Perles*, who abound in Paris, and constitute the *Demi-Monde* which has given the title to his piece. He is a good painter of manners, laborious, observant, and well versed in stage tactics. His plays are always clever, his dialogue sparkling, his characters interesting. Why, then, does he persist in presenting the world with *tableaux* illustrating the manners of those who live in the outskirts, or in the sinks of society? He has too long dealt with sketches of *soi-disant* widows, faithless wives, mercenary mistresses, and sentimental courtesans. That he has the power, if he could only find the will, to do better, the halo of interest he is enabled to throw around vice during the action of his plays, which completely neutralises the effect of the virtuous morals that serve as their "tags," plainly demonstrates. I fear, however, the success which has attended his most recent effort will encourage him to pursue the beaten path; but when the day arrives that he shall exercise his unquestionable talents in writing a genuine comedy of manners, with the scene laid in *society*, properly so called, he will, I have no doubt, achieve a triumph of a higher and more enduring kind, and establish a reputation in the temple of the actual drama. La Baronne d'Ange (Mad. Rose Chéri), a factitious widow, Mdle. de Santis (Mdle. Figeac), a type of the most polluted of her class, a complaisant Vicomtesse de Vernières, and Mdle. Marcelle her niece, much damaged in reputation (Mdles. Laurentine and Mélanie) form the quartet of heroines of this *Demi-Monde*, who dupe or are duped by those of the sterner sex. The success of the play was indubitable, and

at the fall of the curtain the author was compelled to appear on the stage in answer to the unanimous call of the public, an honour much more rarely awarded at a dramatic theatre in Paris than most people are aware of, since it is not once in a year that an author receives a call at any of the theatres in Paris. So much for the artistic triumph. The sum which M. A. Dumas is likely to net in hard cash must be enormous. After the first representation a speculator offered to purchase his *droits d'auteur* at the large amount of 60,000 francs (£2,400) ready money, which he at once refused, having bought his experience by an improvident sale of his author's rights in the *Dame aux Camélias*. It is generally believed that the Emperor is about to decorate M. A. Dumas with the Legion of Honour.

Mlle. Rachel's projected voyage to America divides public attention with that attributed to the Emperor for the Crimea. Will she go to America, or London? Will she positively leave the stage? Will she be able to obtain her passports? Will she brave all, and attempt to escape without them? Such and such like questions are in the mouths of all playgoers. Meanwhile she is rather overdoing her "last appearance on the French stage." It has already been announced three times; first in *Bajazet*, next in *Andromaque*, lastly in *Phédre*, which was given on Monday, and yet every one is persuaded that inducements will be found to retain her in Paris for the Exhibition. It may be that the wish is father to the thought; but all the world at Paris, and no Rachel! no Adrienne, Phédre, Hermione, Camille—Forbid it, heaven! and preserve—for a time at least—to the French stage, the greatest tragic actress who ever trod the boards. It seems that M. Fould has dug from oblivion an old decree of Napoleon, first dated from Moscow in 1812, ordaining that no *sociétaire* of the Théâtre-Français who resigns his or her place, can afterwards appear on any stage at home or abroad, and therefore if Rachel desires to proceed to America, and fulfil her engagement, M. Fould will not accept her resignation. Meanwhile she is endeavouring to find a tenant for her house in the Rue Trudon, but the sum she demands for letting it, during the ensuing season, is perfectly fabulous. It is said that M. Fould has directed Madlle. Gruyon, of the Porte St. Martin, to be engaged for the Théâtre-Français, where she will play those parts in dramas which have been vacant since the superannuation of Madlle. Georges.

Another celebrity, dear to artists and to Vivier, Vely Pasha, is also about to take his final departure from Paris. Since leaving the new Hotel of the Turkish Embassy, in which he had been installed but a few months, he has been living at the Hôtel Bristol. The Emperor has just presented him with a magnificent service of the rarest and most costly Sèvres Porcelain, and he carries with him to his new Government of Broussa, (or so much of it as may be left by the earthquakes,) the good wishes and kind feelings of every artist in Paris. He is one of the very few men, who, placed in a high political position, and endowed with enormous wealth, have remained some years in this centre of worldly passions, and retired into private life without having made an enemy or lost a friend.*

The Emperor and Empress have been much at the operas and theatres during the past week. They have honoured with their presence the Grand-Opéra for the *Juive*, the Théâtre-Français for *Les Jeunes Gens*, the Vaudeville for *La Joie de la Maison*, and the Gymnase for the *Demi-Monde*.

M. Auguste Lireux, formerly director of the Odéon, who during the last five years has written the dramatic *feuilleton* of the *Constitutionnel*, retires from that journal at the commencement of April. The dramatic as well as the musical *feuilletons* of the *Constitutionnel* will in future proceed from the able pen of M. P. A. Fiorentino, and as M. Viardot has lately informed your readers that the *feuilletoniste* of the *Moniteur*, who passes with the world as A. De Rovray, is no other than the same M. Fiorentino, that eloquent and distinguished critic will have enough to do. M. Eugène Guinot, the dramatic *feuilletoniste* of the *Pays*, is also about to quit his post.

The greatest activity prevails in the preparations for opening the Exhibition on the first of May, and although I know what

determined will and perfect organisation are capable of effecting, yet it seems to me that the work of completing the building before the time appointed is all but impossible. It is expected that the display of musical instruments will be both select and extensive, and we trust that your great manufacturers will be adequately represented. Messieurs Hector Berlioz, Halévy, Marloye and Roller (the two latter, manufacturers) are the French members of the jury for deciding on the relative merits of the various instruments. Two beds of flowers, each enclosing two large fountains, will be placed on either side of the grand entrance to the Palace. The price of admission on grand days will be 5 francs, ordinary days 1 franc, and on those specially reserved for the poorer classes four *sous*.

VIENNA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

At the Imperial Opera-house, Auber's *Musaniello* has been successfully revived, with new dresses, scenery, and appointments.

On the 19th instant, Mad. Palm, from the Theatre Royal, Stuttgart, appeared as Fides in *Le Prophète*, but failed to produce a favourable impression.

Madlle. Wilhelmina Clauss gave her sixth and last concert on the 15th inst. The fair *beneficiaire* performed Beethoven's sonata in C sharp minor (*The Moonlight*), two preludes by Stephen Heller, a *Lied ohne Worte* by Mendelssohn, a nocturne by Chopin, Liszt's "Transcription" of Schubert's "Erk König," and the *Rhapsodie Hongroise*, by the same "transcriber," to which she added two extra pieces. The above compositions, of the most varied description and style, afforded Madlle. Clauss an opportunity of displaying to the greatest advantage the manifold phases of her talent, and her power of mastering every peculiarity. She possesses natural grace, and the most refined elegance equally with daring *bravura*, fire and animation; and is as capable of lending expression to the lighter class of *fantaisies* as to compositions of the deepest feeling. The concert was most numerous and fashionably attended, Madlle. Clauss being absolutely overwhelmed with applause at the conclusion of each piece, and at the end of the performance. The Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde des Oesterreichischen Kaiserstaats gave their fourth concert the other day. The entire programme was composed of Mendelssohn's 114th Psalm, for a chorus of eight voices and full orchestra, and Dr. Spohr's symphony, the *Weike der Töne*. Herr Hellmesburger conducted. A concert has also been given by Herr Gilardoni, bass-violist, who was much applauded for the skill he displayed on his rather unwieldy instrument. Madame Cornelia Holosy, from the National Theatre, Pesth, sang the "Polacca," from Bellini's *Puritani*, a *Tyrolienne*, and Hungarian melodies. The other vocalist was Herr Ander, the tenor.

The following extract from the London correspondence of the *Neue Wiener Musikzeitung*, may interest your readers:—

"LONDON.—The musical public of the Capital is in a state of great excitement. Costa, the autocrat of London conductors, is at present engaged on an oratorio, and has resigned the artistic direction of the Old Philharmonic Society's Concerts. The directors were greatly embarrassed to supply the place of so cautious, energetic, and intelligent a man, and overtures were made to Berlioz, but he had already signed an agreement with the New Philharmonic, the hateful and pretentious rival of the Old. Things began to assume a serious and alarming aspect for the latter, which was in danger of losing a great many subscribers. Under these circumstances the directors resolved upon adopting extreme measures, as the question was one of life and death, and — Richard Wagner was summoned. Yes—this is really so! This Red Republican of music will preside over the Old Philharmonic Society of London—the most classical, most orthodox, and most exclusive Society on the face of the Globe. We have thus lived to witness what is most certainly an astonishing fact: Wagner and Berlioz, the two principal Ultra Republicans in the realms of music, installed in the two most prominent posts of the musical world of this classical, sober, and exclusively conservative London. Will this sober, classical public vacillate and grow giddy, or will it disown these crack-brained individuals,* and get rid of them as soon as possible? We shall see."

* The German word is *Schwindler*, a nasty word, and a libellous word, rather—in one sense at least. I have preferred the milder signification.—*Correspondent*.

* Vely Pasha is to be Governor of Candia—not Broussa.—Ed. M.W.

BRUSSELS.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

THE public are determined that the "poor burnt-out artists" of the Théâtre de la Monnaie shall not lack encouragement in their new locale. The "Théâtre Royal Provisoire" is crammed every evening and everything is applauded à l'outrance. The plan of the new theatre excites great attention. It is to be hoped a decision will soon be come to, the building quickly proceeded with, and a theatre worthy of our capital be ready before the autumn begins. M. Carinan's benefit was a bumper, and his exertions in the operas of the *Comte Ory* and the *Nouveau Seigneur* were rewarded by the applause of his admirers. Madame Tedesco has been singing in the *Favorite* for the benefit of the company. The duet in the fourth act, in which she was assisted by M. Wicart (who is engaged for the opera in Paris), was twice encored.

M. Vieuxtemps has been giving some concerts with great success, and the trilogy, by Berlioz, *L'Enfance du Christ*, which was lately performed under the direction of the composer, attracted a very large audience, and was wonderfully successful. Mlle. Elmire, the *contralto*, a great favourite here, has been engaged for four years by the director of the Imperial Opera, in Paris. A two-act opera by M. Soubre, pupil of the Brussels Conservatoire of Music, is in rehearsal, and is entitled *Isoline, ou les Chapeaux blancs*. Three thousand francs are to be expended on the *mise-en-scène*. The last novelty to be produced this season is an opera by MM. Saint-Georges and Adrien Boieldieu—*La Fille Invisible*. The authors will come to Brussels expressly to superintend its production. The projected scheme of our *troupe* going to London for two months, to perform at Drury Lane Theatre, is likely to come to an end, in consequence of so many of our principals being engaged for the Exhibition season in Paris.

COLOGNE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

ARTHUR NAPOLEON has been the attraction here during the last week, and, so far from his having studied no new piece (as hinted at by you in your last number of the *M. W.*), he has played here, in public, besides the *Mosé*, Thalberg's *Huguenots*, *Figlia del Reggimento*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, the *Pathétique*, and the Serenade in D, Favarger's Fantasia on *Oberon*, Schulhoff's *Carnaval de Venise*, besides several Bravura Polkas of Vincent Wallace and Schulhoff, etc. He has played twice in the theatre, and gave his services at a concert of the *Männergesangsverein* in aid of the sufferers from the late inundations of the Rhine. At his own concert, he was assisted by Herr Kock the tenor, and Herr Pixis, the violinist. The *Männergesangsverein* have announced a concert for Arthur's benefit, at which he is to play a duet with his younger brother, who, it would seem, also partakes of the nature of a hot-house plant of the genus *exoticum*, undergoing a similar process of "forcing." What a pity, you will say, he is taught to play so much inferior music.* At the same time it may, perhaps, be his best policy, if he looks only to the present, as one cannot believe, whatever technical skill he may possess, that he has *vous* enough to fathom the mysteries of Beethoven, though to judge from his performance of the *Pathétique*, one would almost think he had.

A new and original opera, *Die Barden*, by Herr Freudenthal, Hof-Capellmeister in Brunswick, has been produced with success by a society of amateurs. It is intended to be a parody on *Norma*, and is written entirely for male voices, but with one female character. The music is light, pleasing, and by no means commonplace.

I have learnt from Ferd. Hiller, that the *Niederrheinisches Musik-Fest* is to be held at Düsseldorf at Whitsuntide, and that we can dispense with M. Roger, since Mad. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt has kindly consented to give her services, which she insists shall be gratuitous. Haydn's *Creation*, Symphonies by Ferd. Hiller and Beethoven, and R. Schumann's *Peri und das Paradies*, will be comprised in the programme.

FOREIGN MISCELLANEOUS.

DANTSIC.—The Ober-Präsident of the Province has allowed the manager to concede his right in the theatre to Herr d'Arrange. Nicolo Isouard's old opera of *Cendrillon* has been revived with success. M. Roger appeared, for the first time, on the 13th instant.

* It is a great pity.—ED. *M. W.*

HANOVER.—Dr. Spohr's symphony for two orchestras is announced for the eighth subscription concert, under the direction of the composer. Arthur Napoleon has played once in the theatre.

VENICE.—Antonio Cammerà, the violinist, died on the 8th ult., aged 84. Fifty years ago he used to give concerts, and numbered Paganini among his admirers.

BERLIN.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The Sinfonie-Soiréen were brought to a close last Saturday, when a new symphony, by Herr Taubert, was performed for the first time, and favourably received. The other pieces were Cherubini's overture to *Les Deux Journées*, Mendelssohn's "Meerestille und glückliche Fahrt," and Beethoven's symphony, in A major. On Saturday, also, Herren Zimmermann, Ronneburger, Richter, and Lotze, gave the last of their Soiréen. The pieces were Haydn's Quartet in G, Op. 33, No. 5, Beethoven's in E minor, and one by Schubert. On Wednesday, Herr Löschhorn and the brothers Stahlknecht, gave the last of their Trio-Soiréen—the 100th time of their playing together. The programme comprised Schubert's Trio in E flat, Mozart's in G major, and Beethoven's in B flat, Op. 97. The last Quartet-Soirée of Herren Oertling, Rehbaum, Wend, and Birnbach, has taken place in Sommer's Rooms, and the last *Matinée* of Herren von Kalb and Wohlers, in the Singacademie—so that we have had a week of "last nights."

The "Winter Season" has been prosperous. The number of subscription concerts were fifty-five—nineteen were for orchestral music, fifteen for "chamber," seven for sacred, and fourteen for miscellaneous. I have not included the Wednesday and Friday concerts of Liebigs *Capelle*, in Hening's Room, nor the Quartet-Soiréen of Herren Oertling, Rehbaum, etc., in Sommer's Saloon. In addition to subscription concerts, others were given by "celebrities," and others for charities. The pianoforte was represented by seven foreigners, Herren von Bälou, Schulhoff, Rubinstein, Arthur Napoleon, Miss Arabella Goddard, Mesdames Schumann, and Falk. The concerts of the second class were about fifty. Add the four operatic performances weekly at the Royal Operahouse, and you will have some idea of the winter "consumption" of music in Berlin. The Duke of Saxe-Meiningen has presented Herr Joseph Wieniawski with the "Golden Medaille am Bande!"

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S CONCERTS.—The first of these performances deserves more than the paragraph we were enabled to accord it, at a late hour last Friday night. The fine and poetical sonata in F sharp minor of Dussek, entitled *Elegy on the Death of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia*, played as it was, in masterly style, by M. Billet, was alone worth going to hear. This zealous and excellent pianist appears to have undertaken a sort of crusade to rescue the works of neglected masters from the oblivion into which they should never have descended. How so genuine and capital a work as Dussek's *Elegy* came to be consigned to the *Index Expurgatorium* of the Musical Library, it is difficult to say. It has been effectively resuscitated now, however; and what Mr. Sterndale Bennett did for the *Invocation*, and the *Farewell to Clementi*, M. Billet is endeavouring to do for the *Elegy* and the *Plus Ultra*. The brilliant sonata of Beethoven (Op. 53), the stately prelude and fugue in B flat, from Mendelssohn's Op. 35, and the vigorous *Rondo Brilliant*, in E flat, of Weber—all of which M. Billet played famously, in all of which he was warmly applauded, and in the last of which he was encored—stand in no need of advocacy. They have not yet been condemned to the shelf of the student or to the melting-pot of the engraver—as was the case with some of the best works of Dussek and Steibalt in this country. Fancy the old plates of one of Dussek's finest sonatas melted, to make new ones upon which to punch a polka of Talex! Pure Vandalism—nothing short of it. In the melancholy Chopin's melancholy nocturne (C minor), in the sparkling M. Emile Prudent's sparkling *Réveil des Fées*—one of the prettiest and most original of his more fanciful caprices—and in some clever and difficult variations of his own upon the theme of "A te, o cara" (*I Puritani*), M. Billet showed himself as expert and conscientious an interpreter of the modern school of *fantasia*, in three of its various forms, as of the more "classical" and antique style for which he entertains a predilection. In all these he won golden opinions from the ladies. Miss Palmer has a nice voice, sings with taste, and well deserved the encore she obtained in a graceful song by Herr Silas. Of the second concert, which took place last night, we shall give an account in our next number. An interesting novelty was a sonata by Paradis—who was not a man, but a woman, as we intend to make known shortly.

PROVINCIAL.

CARMARTHEN.—A concert was lately given at the Assembly Rooms, at the especial request and under the express patronage of the stewards, for the benefit of the lessee, but as neither of the stewards attended, and no exertion was made on their behalf to justify the announcement that the affair was honoured with their names, it proved an entire failure. In using the word "failure," however, it must only be understood as applicable to the attendance, for the performance was excellent. The services of Miss Freeth, of Swansea, had been secured, and her Pianoforte solos exhibited great talent. She played selections from *Lucia* and *Maritana*, and, being encored, gave from memory two other pieces with equal skill. The Carmarthen Musical Society and the Carmarthen Brass Band performed, and Mrs. and Mr. Shackell were the vocalists.

BRIGHTON.—The performances at the sixth concert of the Amateur Symphony Society last Thursday exhibited improvement. The instruments were better in tune than last year, the wind especially. The first symphony of Haydn was listened to with delight. The *Times* remarked upon the performances of the Amateur Symphony Society in London; and we think this Society would do well to follow the suggestions there made with respect to selections. We recommend the Society to play Haydn and Mozart oftener, and Beethoven and Spohr less frequently. No works give so much pleasure to the subscribers as Haydn's. The performances on this occasion were diversified with some songs by Mr. C. Rivers, who has a good baritone voice, and considerable talent. One of these, an Italian air by Mozart, was encored. The songs were accompanied by Mr. Gutteridge. Among other pieces were the overtures to *Figaro* and *La Dame Blanche*; a fantasia by Feszy, in which Mr. Thellusson had a prominent part for the cornet, which he executed with taste; and a fantasia on *Sonnambula*, by Mr. R. Nibbs, including the most popular airs from that opera. Mr. Thellusson Mr. Leullette, and the composer, being the executants.

IBID.—The Glee and Madrigal Union gave one of their concerts at the Town Hall on Saturday evening. The programme was divided into three parts, and consisted of the most favourite English glees and madrigals. The harmonized song of Mendelssohn, entitled "Remembrance," sung by Mrs. Enderssohn, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Phillips, is a beautiful and sparkling composition and enchanted the audience. Hatton's glee, "Beware, she's fooling thee," obtained the first encore. Mr. Lockey sang "The Queen's Letter." It is one of the war songs of the day, and was encored. Of Mrs. Lockey's "When sorrow sleepeth, awake it not," we cannot speak too highly; she was obliged to repeat it. Müller's glee, "Spring's delights," gained an encore, owing to the style in which it was sung. Mr. Bond was the accompanist, and acquitted himself with ability.

PLYMOUTH.—Madame Escott gave a concert recently at St. George's Hall, under the patronage of Lady Mount Edgecumbe, Lady Morley, Lady Yarde Buller, and Mrs. Pole Carew. The concert was not so well attended as the *bénéficiaire* deserved, owing to the counter attraction of Mr. Newcombe's benefit at the theatre on the same evening. Mad. Escott sang, both with expression and execution, "Com' à bello" (*Lucrezia Borgia*), "Una voce" (*Barbiere*), which was encored, "Lo, here the gentle lark," accompanied on the flute by Mr. Richardson, and the ballad of "Charming May," in all of which she was greatly applauded. Miss Vinning's two harp fantasias were remarkably clever, much admired, and unanimously encored. Mr. Manvers, the vocalist, a favourite here, unfortunately had a cold, and could not do himself justice. Mr. Richardson, in a flute solo, sustained his reputation as one of the best performers in the world. The concert gave general satisfaction.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has been pleased, by special brevet, dated March 20, 1855, to appoint the Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co., of New Burlington Street, London, to be Music Publishers to His Imperial Majesty.

IMMANUEL.—The performance of Mr. Henry Leslie's oratorio, at St. Martin's Hall, has been unavoidably postponed until the evening of May 30th. It was originally announced for Thursday, the 29th inst.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE second concert for the exhibition of the students took place on Tuesday, like the last, in Tenterden-street. Not only is the locality of the concerts changed, but the day on which they were accustomed to take place. Saturday was wont to be the day, and Hanover-square Rooms the place. We trust that all this alteration betokens reformation or its diagnosis. The programme on Tuesday, however, afforded no direct indication of either. There was not a single contribution, vocal or instrumental, from any of the pupils, and the selection presented no novelty whatever. Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* and a miscellany, of the ordinary concert character, constituted the scheme. In some instances, the performance of the oratorio was creditable to the executants. The ladies, as usual, acquitted themselves best. Miss Ellen Williams was very successful in the air "Praise ye the Saviour's goodness;" and Miss Hughes and Miss Whyte, respectively, in the duet, "If such thy will," and the trio, "Within my soul," showed improvement. The tenor part was allotted to Mr. Herbert, who, though a pupil of the Academy, is a practised hand, and has long since passed his noviciate. The choruses, if not entirely satisfactory, showed that pains had been bestowed upon them. The final chorus, "Songs of glory, loud hallelujahs sing," was perhaps the most effective.

The miscellaneous part offers no salient point for criticism. Miss Le Dieu and Miss Webster performed two pianoforte pieces—the first a concerto, the second a serenade—in a manner that requires no further comment, than that the first-named lady executed with ease and facility, and has promise; and Mr. Hart played a fantasia on the violin.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves commence their campaign on Easter Monday with English opera. A new work, from the pen of Mr. Henry Smart, is, we hear, likely to be brought out. We shall look eagerly for the announcement of its "first night."

ROYAL OPERA, DRURY LANE.—This establishment is announced to open for German and Italian Opera, on Easter Monday. A new opera, in German, composed by Mr. Aguilar, is stated to have been accepted.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Mr. Smith's *Bal Masqué* took place on Thursday evening. There was a crowded and rather boisterous audience. The decorations were good, the arrangements well carried out, and the dancing kept up with great spirit till a late hour. Mr. Smith has announced some promenade concerts for Passion Week.

HARMONIC UNION.—The *Messiah* was performed on Wednesday evening, at the Hanover Square Rooms, by the members of this Society. Being the same night as that of the second concert of the New Philharmonic, the attendance was not so large as might have been expected. The performance, however, was excellent, and reflected the greatest credit on the Harmonic Union. With such principals as Mad. Clara Novello, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss, and a conductor of such distinguished excellence as Herr Molique, a complete execution was ensured for the solos.

PANOPTICON.—There has been some change in the amusements here during Lent. The diorama has been much improved by the removal of the history of Aladdin and the substitution of some views from sacred history. Among these is the passage of the Red Sea, accompanied during the representation by Händel's chorus, "But the waters overwhelmed their enemies." In the electrical experiments, Dr. Noad has been substituted for Mr. Birt, and the lectures have for the last week been agreeably varied by Mr. Buckingham's disquisition on the mediæval ages in England.

ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, SOUTHWARK.—Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, with full orchestral accompaniments, is to be performed at this (cathedral) church to-morrow. Some of our readers may probably feel interested to hear it, which is our reason for making the fact known.

VIVIER has returned to Paris from Berlin. He is expected very shortly to come to England. *Il fera bien*. Perhaps, however, Vely Pasha, the Ambassador of Ambassadors, may entice him back to Turkey.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—It is necessary to inform advertisers that we cannot undertake to extract advertisements ourselves, for insertion, from other papers. Whatever advertisements are intended for the *MUSICAL WORLD* must be sent to the Office by the proper authorities or their agents. This will render all mistakes impossible for the future.

In accordance with a new Postal Regulation, it is absolutely necessary that all copies of THE *MUSICAL WORLD*, transmitted through the post, should be folded so as to expose to view the red stamp.

It is requested that all letters and papers for the Editor be addressed to the Editor of the *Musical World*, 28, Holles Street; and all business communications to the Publishers, at the same address.

CORRESPONDENTS are requested to write on one side of the paper only, as writing on both sides necessitates a great deal of trouble in the printing.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday, the 27th inst., Signor Piatti, the celebrated Violoncellist, to Miss Welch, a daughter of the late Tom Welch, Esq., the well-known professor of singing.

BIRTH.

On the 21st instant (the Day of Humiliation), the wife of Lindsay Sloper, Esq., of a son.

DEATH.

Recently, in Paris, after a short illness, M. Vivier, the father of the celebrated horn player, deeply regretted by all who knew him.

Recently, at Bremen, Herr Pape, a composer of Symphonies and Quartets, and member of the orchestra of the Bremen Opera House.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. A. F. (Swansea). R. V. (Newton Abbott).—We have made use of as much as we could possibly find room for.

W. B. (Wheatly).—Received, and will shortly be attended to.

CURIOS.—In the modern acceptation of the terms, the first is a part-song for three, four, or five voices; the last, a composition of a more contrapuntally elaborate character, allotted, like the German table-songs, to a chorus of voices. Let our correspondent compare "*Mynheer van Dunck*" with "*Down in a flowery vale*," and he will at once perceive the difference.

J. C. H. (Manchester).—We have much pleasure in publishing the letter.

INQUIRER.—"Read, learn, and inwardly digest."

WANTED.—No. 1 of the *MUSICAL WORLD* for 1854. One shilling will be given on receipt of a perfect and clean copy.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 31ST, 1855.

THE selection, on Monday night, at the second concert of the Philharmonic Society, from the "drama" of *Lohengrin*—Herr Wagner's last completed work, the one in which his particular theories are most thoroughly developed, and which, in consequence, he avowedly esteems the most—was both interesting and strange. It was interesting, as the anticipated solution of a problem which had been previously looked upon as very hard to solve, if not insoluble, in this country; and strange, since it went far to upset all the preconceived notions of the system of "the future," as derived from "the books."

"Wagner's opera (*Lohengrin*) is a whole, and, therefore, only enjoyable and understandable as represented," says one of his most eloquent and fervid panegyrists. "To separate Wagner's music from his poem would be, so to speak, *complete annihilation*." "In *Lohengrin* the music seems merely to introduce lights and shadows into the picture, to adorn scenes and emotions, and render them clear and transparent; it only

gives to the effect a *longer reach*, and extends it to those nerves which would have had otherwise no part in the enjoyment, and so draws the whole man into the magic circle. It never expatiates on its own account, or moves in the forms of a traditional or scholastic cut. You are always in the midst of an elaborate fully justified whole." And so on. Now these are not merely the opinions of Herr Robert Franz of Leipsic, but of Herr Richard Wagner himself, according to the doctrine laid down in his book, called *Oper und Drama*. Music is the woman, drama the man; and, as woman to man, so must music yield to drama—conveys, in a few words, his own figurative exposition of his theory. All the operatic composers, according to Wagner, have been wrong. The means of expression (music) has been made its end (drama), and the end the means; and thus the actual drama—which he will have to be a combination of all the arts—has rested foolishly on the basis of actual music. The Greek drama is the only true drama that humanity possesses, and as that derives from the *mythos*, we must return to *mythos*, the beginning and end of all poesy. Thus the heroes of Wagner's operas—we beg his pardon, dramas—are myths. Tannhäuser is a myth. Lohengrin is a myth. Tannhäuser is a wandering minstrel, with whom we have nothing to do just now. Lohengrin is an enchanted hero, a knight of the "Holy Graal," who appears, in a skiff drawn by a swan, rescues a persecuted lady at a critical moment, and marries her on condition that she will not ask who and what he is; and when, of course, she does, is off again in the skiff drawn by the swan, leaving the persecuted lady to her fate. This, briefly, is *Lohengrin*—the "whole" *Lohengrin*, the drama, from which to divide the music, or any part of the music, would be "complete annihilation."

To wrench fragments of harmony and melody from such a work—a work written to establish the inseparability of the arts—was scarcely wise in the Philharmonic directors to suggest or in Herr Wagner to permit. It was like giving you bits of egg-shell for breakfast, instead of "the whole" egg—since, without cracking metaphor, Herr Wagner's music, to his drama, may be figured as the shell to the egg, or at least as the albumen to the yolk. But the most provoking enigma was offered in the music itself. This was a shell at the best—an egg-shell, without a taste of egg, and no salt to give it a relish. Except a slow instrumental movement, describing the descent of the "Holy Graal," in which the composer hovers and flits for an indefinite space round and about the key of A, like Senora Nena with the hat at the Haymarket, and which—though arranged for the orchestra with great felicity, somewhat in the manner of M. Hector Berlioz—has no definable phrase or rhythm, little else, in short, but a sort of dull continuity, there was nothing in the selection that might not have passed muster very well for music of the *past*, or, at least, of the present. It was, so to say, as simple as a hammer—a kind of Nym's music—and that was "the humour of it." The second piece—a prelude and chorus in E flat, the music accompanying the bridal procession—would be unexceptionable, but for the odd notion of beginning the chorus a semitone higher than the original key, with no apparent object whatever. The "Wedding Music and Epithalamium," consisting of a noisy instrumental movement, "*alla marcia*," in G, followed by a chorus in B flat—the leading tunes in either of which might be attributed to M. Adolphe Adam, "of the Institute," but for a certain progression, more startling than agreeable, from E major to A flat, through F minor

and D flat, which is a cut above the composer of the *Postillon de Lonjumeau*—and a repetition of the “*alla marcia*,” made up the quantity of “Music of the Future” to which the Philharmonic subscribers were favoured on the present occasion. Now, if there was nothing more mysterious, incoherent, abstruse, and “tone-defying” than all this in *Lohengrin*, we should be inclined to look upon the future art-doctrine as a hoax. Happily, the scores of Herr Wagner’s operas have made their way to England, and those who have perused them are well aware that the fragments which, in their wisdom, the directors of the Philharmonic Society thought expedient to place before the public as examples of their new conductor’s music, constituted nearly all that was possible to disentangle from the dreary labyrinth of accompanied recitative that make up the rest of *Lohengrin*. As it was, the public had no opportunity of speculating on the successful revolt against keys and their relations, by which Herr Wagner has illustrated one of his most furious dogmas. For a time, therefore, that great word—“Down with the tyranny of tone-families”—must remain a myth to the uninitiated.

Is Herr Wagner himself a myth?—or has he mistaken his vocation? A poet, and by all accounts a true one, was he, impatient at the subordinate position in which the operatic librettist, from the times of Gluck and Mozart to our own, has always stood with reference to the composer of the music, resolved, by making his own music as well as his own poetry, to escape the humiliation? The last is not improbable, and indeed is in some measure established by the fact, that he has invariably done so. But alas!—the quality of excellence in two great branches of human labour or art is rarely given to the same man; and, though Herr Wagner, a radical reformer in everything, and in music more especially, tells us, in one sentence, that he was endowed from the first, by a certain little fairy, with all that constitutes *genius*, in another he professes to despise the “rotten” world, and to write only for a few—since none but the friends who know and love him can understand his work! Is it, then the province of genius to delight and instruct a narrow circle!—and are the immediate acquaintances of Herr Wagner to be sole judges of what is good and what is bad, sole dispensers of fame and pioneers of progress! If, as he insists, the problem of the poet (which means *everything*—the representative and administrator of all art) is to appeal “to the totality of the senses, and not to understanding and imagination,” and that, in the drama we are really “made wise by feeling,” it is to be feared Herr Wagner has yet much to learn before he can be said to possess the art of putting his theory in practice. *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, so far as we are familiar with them, have not by any means induced that “state of ecstasy and transport,” that inconceivable “vibration of all the nerves,” about which worshippers are magniloquent in pamphlets. Up to the present time “Young Germany” (with middle-aged Dr. Liszt, of Weimar, at its head) has preached in vain; Herr Wagner has only succeeded in setting the speculative musical philosophers of his Fatherland at loggerheads. The other countries have remained indifferent and deaf—not “stiff-necked,” we trust, but unconscious. What time may effect, however, remains to be seen. The world is “rotten,” no doubt, and if the “Drama of the Future,” can, by Herr Wagner’s intervention, arrest corruptibility, we shall be glad. Who would not rather be pure spirit, “a whole inseparable,” than maggots?

THE letters we are constantly receiving from various quarters, containing inquiries, not only about the general constitution of Her Majesty’s Private Band, but the position and emoluments of its individual members, have suggested to us the conclusion, that it would be better to give our readers and correspondents at once, and in as few words as possible, the benefit of whatever information we possess, than to keep the subject any longer on the carpet. We have now before us several communications, from gentlemen well known in the profession, seeking to be enlightened about the salary of this member, the grievances of that member, and the extraordinary degree of favour shown to the other member. We have also an explanatory letter from Mr. Horatio Chipp, which we have inserted in our first column. For the present, at least, we cannot afford space to any of the others; and indeed, as most of these are simply inquiries, it is unnecessary to produce them. Where we are unable to supply the information desired, it is useless to publish the inquiry; and, where the desired information is at hand, the answer serves every purpose without the question. Our journal is not, nor would it be convenient to make it, a catechism of the musical creed established within the walls of Windsor Castle and other royal palaces. Being, nevertheless, desirous of gratifying the curiosity of our supporters in reference to all subjects relating to the art whose interests we have the honour to represent, we have taken pains to ascertain as many facts as possible; and these, without farther preamble, we shall proceed to lay before our readers.

The salary paid to M. Sainton (*first violin*) we believe to be 110 guineas. It must be observed, however, that this is disbursed from the *Treasury*, out of the *State Band Fund*. M. Sainton is a member of what is denominated the *State Band*, which consists of about 45 members, whose duty is to play at the coronation of a new Sovereign. For this onerous service members receive each £45 annually. It is believed that Mrs. Anderson holds the appointment of *first violoncello*; while the other posts, if rumour may be credited, are chiefly held by retired valets and coachmen in the royal service. M. Sainton, though “Sergeant” of this *State Band* of sinecures, is, according to report, the only member no better off on that account. In consideration of the 110 guineas which he gets as “sergeant,” he is expected to play gratuitously in the *Queen’s Private Band*. Thus the principal violin costs Her Majesty *nothing*.

Messrs. Edmond Chipp and Day (also *first violins*) are awarded £100 and £90 respectively.

Messrs. Buols and Betts (second violins) have £100 and £80.

Messrs. Gunnis and Egerton (also “seconds”) enjoy no fixed salary, but are paid when their services are required.

The *tenors*, Messrs. Hill and ———*, are each in receipt of £80 a-year, with permission to attend the Opera and Philharmonic Concerts.

The double bass, Mr. Pickaert, is at present, in a state of suspense. Like Mahomet’s coffin, he may go up or down. It is undecided whether his salary will be fixed at £80 or £130.

Messrs. Richardson and Card (flutes) are both paid £130.

Mr. Williams (first clarinet) receives £130, and Mr. Egerton senior (second ditto) £100.

The oboes, Messrs. Malsch and Horton, have £130 and £100 respectively.

Mr. Waetzig, first bassoon, is in receipt of £130; and Mr. Larkin, “second,” £80.

* We are unacquainted with the name of the other tenor.

The six horns, trumpets, and trombones, enjoy, every one, a salary of £130.

We should add that Mr. Nicholl, "arranger" for the Queen's Band, is awarded £130 as first violin, and £20 as "arranger." Mr. Cusins (nephew of Mr. Anderson) holds the post of violin in the band, and that of organist to the private chapel. He was originally taught the violin and organ, if we are not mistaken, by Mr. Edmund Chipp. The salary of Mr. Cusins (as that of Mr. Chapelmaster Anderson) is, like *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*, a myth, which we are not in a condition to explain, nor do we intend to try. We have read about *Oedipus* and the Sphinx. A sense of justice to royalty compels us to add that every member of the band is provided with a court uniform, and that at every performance he receives *half-a-bottle of wine*, which he is allowed to take away with him, with the understanding that he *restores the bottle* at the next concert. The liberal sum of *eighteen-pence* is put into the hands of every musician at the conclusion of the performances, as the means wherewith to provide a wholesome and substantial supper.

We have now perhaps nearly satisfied our most inquisitive correspondents on a variety of points relating to the constitution of the Royal Band. Why the second trumpets and trombones receive £130, and the violoncello and second bassoon £80, with other seeming anomalies, we are unable to determine. It is worthy of note, however, that the reduced terms have been imposed on those members who have joined the service during the last twelve years—in fact, since Mr. Anderson, like Peter the Great, established his dynasty at Windsor. We have been told—but cannot believe—that all the £80 and £100 salaries were originally £130. Whereby would seem to hang another "myth."

THE Amateur Performance announced for this evening at the Olympic Theatre is of a most interesting nature. Mr. Angus Reach, a gentleman well known in literary circles, and who had for nearly eighteen years been employed on the *Morning Chronicle*—first as parliamentary reporter, and afterwards as dramatic and musical critic—was, last summer, suddenly stricken with an attack of paralysis. The malady has defied remedial measures up to the present moment, and, for more than six months, Mr. Reach has been incapacitated from following his professional avocations; while his long illness and the consequent expenses have all but consumed the little hoard which thrift and care had enabled him to put by for his family. While engaged in writing for the *Morning Chronicle*, Mr. Angus Reach was no less distinguished for his ability than for the zeal and energy he displayed on all occasions. Indeed it is to this zeal and this energy, exhibited in a most remarkable degree, that his calamity is attributed; and, doubtless, had not the proprietorship of the *Morning Chronicle* so frequently changed hands, Mr. Reach would have been now enjoying that reward for his past services, to which he is so well entitled. Fortunately for Mr. Reach, he was as much beloved in private life as he was respected in public; and no sooner did his friends learn of the state his affairs, than they determined to afford him assistance in an honourable way, by which, while aiding him in a pecuniary sense, they would not incur the risk of wounding his feelings by proffering what might come under the denomination of "a gift." Mr. Angus Reach had written, joined others in writing, and translated sundry dramatic pieces for different managements. A benefit, therefore, at one of the theatres was considered the most graceful

means of accomplishing the desired object. Mr. Albert Smith, who is ever among the readiest with his heart and hand to help the needy, as soon as he understood that Mr. Reach's illness was likely to be of long continuance, canvassed his friends and acquaintances, and the members of the Garrick and Fielding Clubs in particular, and the result was the projection of a performance by gentlemen amateurs, which has long been announced, to take place this evening at the Olympic Theatre. Within one week from the time the day was fixed, every box, every stall, every available seat in the house was taken; and such has been the demand for tickets, that it is confidently anticipated the committee will be enabled to give a second night for the same praiseworthy end.

Perhaps in no other country in the world would a writer, who had distinguished himself in literature, and who for many years had held a prominent situation on one of the leading journals of the kingdom, be allowed to stand in want of succour and assistance when illness had overtaken him in the discharge of his duties. Who has the management of the Literary Fund?—or to what purposes should its funds be applied, if not to relieve men of letters—more especially when merit and character present a double claim? We fear the influence of "red tape" is felt in other spheres besides those of Government; and that mismanagement and favouritism are not confined to the Horse Guards and Transport Service.

To those who would learn more particulars of Mr. Angus Reach's health at the present moment, we are in a position to state that, though the effects of the paralytic attack are not likely to be surmounted immediately, his medical attendants entertain a confident hope that, with time and care, he will be enabled to resume his literary pursuits.

SIG. CANTI, a music publisher of Milan, has announced his intention of publishing the posthumous work by Beethoven, entitled *Studi di Beethoven Tattato d'armonia e di composizione*, with notes by Fétis and Rossi. This work has not yet been published in Italy.

SIGNOR PACINI, the composer, has received a medal from Rome, bearing a laudatory inscription, for having set to music the Hymn of the "Immaculate Conception." He has also received instructions to compose a sacred oratorio for the congregation of St. Filippo Neri.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

EACH subsequent performance of Mozart's *Requiem* and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, in conjunction, by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, presents an improvement on the previous one, and the pecuniary result, moreover, shows the wisdom of the directors in combining two masterpieces of such an opposite time and character in one concert. Separate, either would have been too short; together, the two compose an entertainment of just the length that is enjoyable and enduring. The variety of style and manner between the two masters is instructive to contemplate; many a lover of Mozart or Mendelssohn is attracted to Exeter Hall by the special desire of comparing his favourite with his rival. But there is really no comparison; you may contrast, but you cannot compare the "Service for the Dead" of the one with the "Hymn of Praise" of the other. The one is sombre, gloomy, full of tears, and mournful as the grave; the other, like the song of the lark, is jubilant, sung, as it were, at Heaven's gate, not light of heart, but with a depth and plenitude of joy that fills the eye even like unto sadness. In one thing only are the *Lobgesang* and *Requiem* to be assimilated: they are both *chefs-d'œuvre*, to be classed among the grandest inspirations of the musical art.

That Mr. Costa took the greatest pains to ensure an efficient execution of both works, and that the members, instrumental and vocal, exerted themselves strenuously to accomplish the intentions of the conductor, was clearly evidenced at the last performance, on Friday evening (last week). The audience of Friday night was fixed in attention from beginning to end, and, with scarcely any exceptions, remained until the last note.

The directors have fallen into one mistake, which we have pointed out before, if we remember well. The *Lobgesang* should come *after*, not before the *Requiem*—not merely, as a morning contemporary has suggested, because Mozart lived, wrote, and died before Mendelssohn, and he himself, by universal consent, holds the first place among composers; nor because modern instrumentation has advantages which were not afforded to musicians of the preceding age, and, therefore, the least elaborate and varied should come first; but rather, because the *Requiem*, being a Service for the Dead, and the *Lobgesang* a Hymn of Praise, the performance should terminate with the most jubilant composition, as being more satisfactory, and more in accordance with the conventional arrangement of musical programmes. For this reason, a "Hallelujah" chorus—a hymn of praise in miniature—seems the natural conclusion to a sacred performance. By changing the relative positions of the *Requiem* and the *Lobgesang*, we think no greater attraction could be offered to the public by the Sacred Harmonic Society.

The execution of both works was highly creditable; but, as the *Requiem* presented far less difficulties to the chorus and principals, it was freer from reproach than the *Lobgesang*. Indeed, with the exception of a retardation in the times of the *allegro* in the three-part symphony, the fugue in the "Kyrie Eleison," and "Cum sanctis tuis," the performance of Mozart's "Service" left little to the most fastidious to desire. The principal vocalists—Mad. Clara Novello, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss—distinguished themselves eminently. We have seldom heard, off the Italian stage, such quartet-singing as in the exquisite "Ricordare," and the "Benedictus." The chorus too, for the most part, was excellent, and sang with power, clearness, and just intonation. In Mendelssohn's work this was not always the case, and a slight unsteadiness in taking up the points in the choral movement, "Ye nations," and some uncertain intonation in the pathetic chorus in G minor, "All ye that cried unto the Lord," were specks upon the smoothness of the general performance. In other respects, the chorus was entitled to high praise. We would more especially call attention to "The night is departing," which, for precision and grandeur of effect, has been rarely heard surpassed. The accompanied *chorale* in unison which succeeds, "Glory and praise to God," and the final chorus, "Sing ye the Lord"—when the *sopranos* took the high B flats with splendid force and faultless intonation—were also finely sung, and remarkable for point and clearness. In a different style, but not the less to be commended, was the subdued manner in which the voices accompanied the duet "I waited for the Lord," sung to perfection by Mad. Clara Novello and Mrs. Lockey. The great tenor solo, "The sorrows of death," with the recitatives, in which occur, three times repeated, the interrogatory, "Watchman, will the night soon pass?" was magnificently read and magnificently sung by Mr. Sims Reeves. The manner in which, at each repetition of the interrogatory, he took the phrase a semitone higher—a happy and legitimate idea of the composer—was perfect, and the intensity of feeling displayed in his entire conception was worthy of the music thus conceived. The chorus to which the solo conducts—the finest in the *cantata*—with the solo itself, constituted the greatest "facts" in the execution of the *Lobgesang*.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE second concert, which drew a very large attendance on Monday night, provided a more favourable opportunity of considering the merits of Herr Richard Wagner as a conductor; and, in addition to this, brought him for the first time before the Philharmonic audience as a composer. The selection, as will be seen, was more than usually interesting:—

PART I.

Overture, "Der Freischütz,"	Weber.
Aria, "O salutaris Hostia,"	Mrs. Lockey,	Cherubini.
Concerto, violin, Mr. Blagrove,	Mendelssohn.
Selection from "Lohengrin;"	Introduction, instrumental; Bridal Procession; Wedding March and Epithalamium,
	Wagner.

PART II.

Choral Symphony, No. 9,	Beethoven.
Conductor, Herr Richard Wagner.		

We may begin by saying that the band has not yet learnt to comprehend—or, at least, does not appear to be over ready and eager to follow with that undeviating attention indisputable to a good performance—the motions of Herr Wagner's *bâton*. For our own parts, the more closely we observe, the less we can understand him. He seems to have no fixed basis upon which to found, no system to render intelligible, his manner of beating. Under these circumstances it was not surprising that the familiar overture to *Der Freischütz*—which, to make matters more perplexing, was full of "new readings," retardations and accelerations of time, etc. (some of which would have surprised the composer, had he been alive to hear them)—did not go with quite as much precision as was desirable. Much of Herr Wagner's expression is decidedly poetical, nearly all of it is original, and has a presumptive meaning; but he takes far too many liberties. There is no clear reason why every phrase of melody should be coaxed into a slower measure than the rest, according to the invariable practice of the new conductor. Employed so frequently, this contrivance results in absolute monotony. Nor was there any warrant in "tradition" (to say nothing of effect) for taking the opening movement in Weber's overture as slow as though it formed part of a burial service; still less for gradually diminishing the *fortissimo* in the two sustained chords that introduce the *coda*; least of all, for weakening the force of that animated climax, by suspending the "*piu mosso*," or increased rapidity, until after the first four bars. These "readings" are new, but they are not good. Others were more to the purpose, and the overture was encoored.

The Ninth Symphony, which has never yet gone entirely well at the Philharmonic concerts, in some respects never went so loosely as on the present occasion. The first movement was all "higgledy piggledy"—we really can find no term more expressive of the general sense of fidgety unsteadiness it conveyed. More than once it seemed as though all would go to pieces; but, by good luck, the end was actually attained without a break down. About Herr Wagner's peculiar notions of this sublime movement, and of the manner in which it should be played, we cannot pretend to offer an opinion; since, whatever may have been his intentions, they were by no means carried out. The *scherso* was quite another affair; the reading was the best we ever heard, and the execution almost perfect. The performance, indeed, of this extraordinary inspiration was gratifying from first to last. We cannot say so much for the slow movement, where the flow of melody, which Beethoven meant to be unceasing, was, in the first place, impaired by the almost creeping pace adopted by the conductor, and, in the next, broken and interrupted by "rallentandos" as vexatious as they were frequent and unaccountable. The expedient of slackening the time is used by Herr Wagner with singular capriciousness, and to an excess that passes the limits of ordinary exaggeration. In this respect he becomes, at intervals, rather a tormentor than a conductor of the band. We by no means think that license should not be accorded to every orchestral director of intelligence to impress, as far as that is possible, his own feeling of the music he is directing upon those who act under his guidance; but a band is not like a pianoforte, upon which a dozen players may play, each in a wholly different manner, without injury. The orchestra is a collection of *living* instruments, of flesh and blood, and cannot be reduced to the unconscious submission of a piece of mechanical workmanship. It is, therefore, evident, that, while every musician of authority justly claims attention to his own style of reading in reference to the works of great masters, there must be starting points

upon which all agree; otherwise it is impossible for any orchestra to feel at ease when a new hand is controlling them. The members of the Philharmonic band found no difficulty in executing any of the pieces of their *répertoire* under Mr. Costa's direction, after being long accustomed to that of Mendelssohn and others; and yet no two men differed more widely in their musical feelings than Mendelssohn and Mr. Costa. The one was pure German, the other is pure Italian; but there were certain fixed principles to which both assented; and those principles, whatsoever they may be, should be common to conductors. In the choral part of the Ninth Symphony, which never hung well together, Herr Wagner gave glimpses of an elevated and intellectual conception; but they were only glimpses, since the realization was not there; the players and singers were not to the conductor—which should always be the case—as the act to the will, the instant and faithful accomplishment of his thought. To them a wave from Herr Wagner's stick was a wave from his stick, and nothing more—just as a tree was but a tree to Wordsworth's Peter Bell. The old saw, about too much familiarity breeding contempt, does not hold in this instance. There cannot be too much familiarity between a conductor and his orchestra—we mean, of course, in their official capacities. At present there is not enough between Herr Wagner's *bâton* and the combined intelligence of the Philharmonic fiddlers. Time, however, works wonders—and not to play upon the word—a beater of time should be able to mould time to his purpose. We shall see, before the season is over, whether Herr Wagner is to be styled the conductor, as well as composer, “for the future.” There is no chapter on that head in “the books.”

To the selection from *Lohengrin* we have referred at length elsewhere. The execution, so far as the orchestra was concerned, merited high praise; but the vocal parts were sadly confused. There was not much of the mystic “future” in any of this selection except the first piece, describing the descent of the holy “Grael.” The rest was light and brilliant enough, but presented neither a new point nor a fresh idea. The applause was partial. What the audience in general thought of it we are unable to say. What we thought of it ourselves might be conveyed in one word.

We have only space to add that Mrs. Lockey sang Cherubini's tuneful *aria* admirably; that Mr. Blagrove created a legitimate sensation by his very clever artistic performance of Mendelssohn's concerto; and that Mad. Weiss, Mrs. Lockey, Messrs. Lockey and Weiss, were highly painstaking and zealous in the solo parts of the Choral Symphony, which, if not quite impracticable to ordinary voices, are not a long way from it.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE second concert, on Wednesday night, in a pecuniary point of view, was more successful than any concert ever given by the new Society. Nearly £400 was realized, after all expenses paid, for the funds of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, in aid of which the profits were to be devoted. Exeter Hall was filled in every part, as though it was a *Messiah*, or an *Elijah* night. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, too, patronised the concert; so that there were abundant reasons why Wednesday night last should be successful. The programme, which we annex, could not fail to enhance the attractions:—

PART I.				
Overture (Coriolanus)	Beethoven.
Selection (Ruins of Athens)	Beethoven.
Aria (Non Temer)	Mozart.
Concerto (in D minor)	Mendelssohn.
(Pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper).				
Symphony (C minor)	Beethoven.
Part Song (Chorus)	Mendelssohn.
PART II.				
Overture (Oberon)	Weber.
Selection (Comus)	C. E. Horsley.
Fantasia (Othello)	Ernst.
(Violin, Herr Ernst).				
Recit and Rondo (L'Etoile du Nord)	Meyerbeer.
Overture (Ruler of the Spirits)	Weber.

The great point in the performance was Beethoven's symphony, which we have rarely heard executed with more fire and precision, and in which the conductor proved himself quite equal to the task of directing a vast orchestra. A more faithful reading of the C minor symphony could hardly have been obtained. The impression was unanimous, and every movement was greeted with loud applause.

Mendelssohn's concerto could not have been entrusted to more efficient hands than those of Mr. Lindsay Sloper, whose refined taste, brilliant execution, and perfect finish of style, were never more conspicuous. Mr. Sloper did well to select the second pianoforte concerto, which is so much less common to musical audiences than the first, although perhaps the first would have been easier understood by the patrons of St. Mary's Hospital. He played on a Broadwood pianoforte, of a calibre which the French would call “*désespérant*” for the makers. The *finale* was a prodigious display of clear and rapid execution, of which every note, in *arpeggio* and melody, was heard with the utmost distinctness. At the end, Mr. Sloper was warmly applauded.

The selections from the *Ruins of Athens* included the introductory chorus, the plaintive duet of the Greek slaves, and the wild and imaginative chorus of Dervishes. The duet was nicely sung by Miss Stabbach and Mr. Hamilton Braham, and the last chorus remarkably well executed by the chorus (which numbered nearly 200) and the band.

The selection from *Comus* was extremely clever, extremely melodious, well instrumented, characteristic, and not like Mendelssohn. Every justice was done to Mr. Horsley, who conducted the performance himself. Miss Stabbach sang the accompanied recitative, “This way the noise was,” and the very graceful and flowing air which follows, “Sweet Echo,” in her best manner, and with decided effect. The chorus, “Come, let our rites begin,” which indicates a real dramatic feeling, and the march of *Comus* and his rabble, full of spirit and idea, were also effectively given. On the whole Mr. Horsley's position as a musician of talent was once more confirmed in a very unqualified manner by the selection from his masque of *Comus*.

Herr Ernst played his celebrated *Otello* fantasia as grandly as ever, and with his usual effect. He was rapturously applauded at the end. Mad. Anna Thillon sang two songs—Mozart's “Non temer,” and the popular rondo from *L'Etoile du Nord*. In the last she was most successful. The first was unsuited to her, and was mutilated in an extraordinary fashion—the slow movement omitted, and the accompaniments allotted partly to the orchestra and partly to the pianoforte. What would Mozart have said? Happily the pianoforte *obligato* was entrusted to no less able and intelligent a performer than Mr. Aguilar. The great success of one of Mendelssohn's beautiful part-songs at the first concert justified the directors in introducing another at the second. This was the charming “O hills, O dales,” which was capitably sung by the chorus, and unanimously redemanded.

The three overtures were Beethoven's *Coriolanus*, Weber's *Oberon*, and *The Ruler of the Spirits*. All were finely played, more especially *Oberon*. The most interesting, because the least hacknied, was the *Coriolanus*, which, though composed for a forgotten German tragedy, is instinct with a peculiar fire, passion and fitful impetuosity, as though Beethoven had thought of presenting a musical suggestion of the character of Shakspeare's proud and passionate Roman. On the whole, the concert was a fine one, but the programme bordered too closely on the Old Philharmonic style. Dr. Wylde and the directors must “ware” “convention.” They began by being reformers, and must not fall back on “conservatism.” They have led their subscribers to expect new works, and they *do* expect them. The subscribers, it must be remembered, are not quidnuncs, bag-wigs, and past-worshippers. The New Philharmonic must continue to show an onward tendency. Stand-still would be as fatal as retrogression. Must we assume the station and rank of policeman to the Young Society, and cease not to cry—“Move on?” We hope not. The Requiem and mass of Cherubini, the Faust and Romeo (or rather Juliet—she is happiest painted), of Berlioz, and a dozen more new and important works, which Dr. Wylde and his advisers have been instrumental in bringing before the London musical amateurs, forbid!

MUSICAL WINTER EVENINGS.

The last "sitting" was sat on Thursday evening, in Willis's Rooms, by an elegant and numerous company. The performance was as good as the programme, which is saying much, and the audience able to appreciate both, which is saying more. The selection was as follows:—

Quartet, A minor, Op. 44 (No. 8)	-	-	-	Molique.
Trio, B flat, Op. 99 (No. 1)	-	-	-	Schubert.
Quartet, No. 6, Op. 18	-	-	-	Beethoven.
Solo, violoncello	-	-	-	Piatti.
Duet, for two pianofortes	-	-	-	{ Mendelssohn & Moscheles.

To hear Molique in one act, and Ernst in the other, was a treat such as amateurs of the violin seldom enjoy. Both so great, and yet so opposite; both so true, and yet with a different eloquence! Their instruments spoke, as it were, two distinct languages, each harmonious and beautiful, yet each with another accent, fall, and cadence. Such artists cannot be rivals—but accented, emulating the one the other, in a love for art and a zealous desire to elevate it. The two quartets were equally at variance. Molique's (a new one, and played for the first time—which impels us to thank Mr. Ella for swallowing his own words), so learned, ingenious, and full of grace; Beethoven's, so impulsive, playful, energetic, and even simple? Masterpieces both, flowing from widely distant springs of thought and feeling, they impressed the audience in almost an equal measure. Both were gloriously executed—the first led by the admirable composer himself, the second by the imaginative Ernst—and both were hotly applauded. Goffrie, Hill, and Piatti were, as usual, irreproachable.

Herr Pauer exhibited the utmost vigour and animation in his performance of Schubert's interesting and very unequal trio (given for the first time—which impels us to thank Mr. Ella for swallowing his own words), which evidently pleased the auditors, and deserves to be brought forward at the "sittings" of the Musical Union, which will be sat shortly by the aristocratic patrons of the Director. The famous duet of Mendelssohn-Moscheles, or Moscheles-Mendelssohn (the variations on Weber's Gipsy Chorus in *Preciosa*) was famously interpreted by Mr. Lindsay Sloper and Herr Pauer; but the *tutti* absolutely want the orchestra. We do not dislike it (how can we?) in this form, yet it is far better in the original. This duet was first played at one of the late Mr. Mori's concerts, in the then King's Theatre Concert-Room, by the composers themselves, more than twenty years ago.

The violoncello solo of Sig. Piatti was a miracle—of tone, style, and execution.

And thus terminated brilliantly the fourth series of Musical Winter Evenings.

A REVIEW OF THE HISTORY OF MUSIC BEFORE MOZART.

(Continued from page 146.)

WHEN we look upon these master-works of patience and ingenuity; these calculations, in which not the remotest account is made of melody and harmony; these problems, in whose solution we find nothing that resembles music; this toilsome labour, which smelled so of the lamp, of octaves and of quints, we are tempted to ask: "Canon, what wilt thou of me?" as a learned Frenchman asked of a sonata. Not being acquainted with the latter, I cannot say what answer it made. But as it respects the canon, this replies very clearly and intelligibly: "I wish that you should recognize in me the product of a necessary striving, which alone could lead art to the goal of its high destiny. I demand respect and gratitude of the friends of music. Name to me anything great and enduring among the commonly so ephemeral productions of music, in which I have not participated largely. Rightly understood, I am the chief pillar of sublime church music, of the grand instrumental music, and good chamber music; and those who would banish me and entirely from theatrical music, thereby doom themselves to die young. If, to be sure, I appear ludicrous and meagre in the fifteenth century, the reason lies in this, that I had neither the

support of the accord, which was scarcely known, nor of melody, which was not known at all. Could I dispense with their aid and become music by myself alone? Just as little as the granite, the marble, the cement, and the iron, could dispense with an architectural plan, and put themselves together into a palace or a temple. So, too, what were palace and temple, if there were no stones, no iron, and no lime? What would the great architects of Harmony—Bach, Händel, Haydn, and Mozart have undertaken, had not dexterous and persevering labourers for two centuries long been breaking out the stone quarries, excavating the mines, and selecting, hewing, shaping and matching the solid materials, which I, the Canon, with my imitations, my repetitions, my inversions, my thematic analyses, and my double counterpoint, present so faithfully? What would they have made? Pretty little summer houses of painted wood, whose cornices and friezes and embellishments would have consisted of roulades; fresh and shining for an hour, when fashion would blow over them, and every vestige of them disappear."

I grant that this reply of the Canon sounds somewhat pedantic and insolent; it smacks somewhat of its own age, and there will be very many men whom it will displease in their present time. Nevertheless, the answer is in certain points correct, nay instructive; and it pains me that people, who have thought so much about the Canon, and said so much about bad taste, Gothic style, Flemish barbarism, etc., have not better understood it. It would have shown them that musical art followed quite logically the course it was obliged to enter, in passing from canonical counterpoint to harmony, and from harmony to melody, instead of beginning with this latter.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS BLANCHE CAPILL (Pupil of Louis Leo—Voice, Mezzo-Soprano), Professor of Music and Singing, 47, Alfred-street, River-terrace, Islington, where letters respecting pupils or engagements may be addressed.

MISS LOUISE CELLINI begs to inform her friends and the public that she has arrived in London from Italy and Vienna, for the musical season here. All applications for pupils and vocal engagements to be addressed to her residence, 28, Bedford-square.

MISS FANNY HUDDART begs respectfully to announce that (her engagement in Scotland terminating the latter end of the present month) she will return to town for the season on the 2nd of April. 6, Beaufort-street, Piccadilly.

MR. F. EDWARD BACHE begs to acquaint his friends that he has returned to town from the Continent, and will be happy to resume his instructions in Pianoforte Playing and Composition. For further particulars, address Mr. Bache, at his publishers, Messrs. Addison and Co., 210, Regent-street.

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MRS. JOHN MACFARREN has the honour to announce that her TWO ANNUAL MATINEES of PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place at the New Beethoven Rooms, Saturdays, May 19 and June 16, when she will be assisted by M. Sainton, Signor Piatti, and other distinguished artists. Double subscriptions, £1s. 1s.; single tickets, 7s., to be had at Ebers's Library, Old Bond-street, and of Mrs. John Macfarren, 40, Stanhope-street, Gloucester-gate, Regent's-park.

THE LONDON ORCHESTRA.—Conductor, Mr. FRANK MORI; Leader, Mr. THIRLWALL. Including Messrs. Barrot, Lazarus, Baumann, Rémusat, Lovell Phillips, Prosper, Mount, Mann, Cloff, Zeiss, Tolbecque, Nadaud, Chipp, &c. For terms apply to Mr. A. Guest, 1, Kingston Russell-place, Oakley-square, Camden-town, or Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Programme of Mr. Alfred Mellon's First Concert. To-morrow evening, April 2, to commence at Eight o'clock. Part 1.—Overture, "Ruy Blas," Mendelssohn; Duet, "Nella notte," Meyerbeer; Fantasia (violin), "Rigoletto," first time, M. Sainton—Sainton; Scene, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," Weber; Symphony, Pastorale, Beethoven. Part 2.—Overture, "Heloise" (first time), A. Mellon; Aria, "Deh vieni," Mozart; Andante and Rondo (pianoforte), in B minor, Mr. Cusins, Mendelssohn; Aria, "Largo al Factotum," Rossini; Overture, "Carnival Roman," Berlioz. Vocalists, Mad. Clara Novello and Herr Formes. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. Stalls 7s. 6d.; Reserved Seats 5s.; Galleries 2s. 6d.; Area 1s. Tickets to be had of Messrs. Cramer and Beale, 210, Regent-street, and at St. Martin's Hall.

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ITALIAN VIOLIN STRINGS.—Messrs. BOOSEY AND SONS beg to inform the amateurs and professors of the above instrument, that they constantly receive consignments of the best Italian Strings from the first makers in Padua and Naples. The prices per bundle, &c., may be had at 28, Holles-street.

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MR. WM. STERNDALÉ BENNETT respectfully announces that the SECOND of his ANNUAL SERIES of PERFORMANCES of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC this season will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Tuesday Evening next, April 3, to commence at half-past 8. Vocalists—Madame Clara Novello; instrumentalists—Herr Ernst, Signor Piatti, and W. Sterndale Bennett. The vocal music will, on this occasion, be entirely sacred. Single tickets, 10s. 6d. (to subscribers, 7s.), to be had of Messrs. Leaver and Cook, 63, New Bond-street; and of Mr. W. S. Bennett, 15, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square. The last performance on Tuesday, May 1.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter-Hall.—On the TUESDAY in PASSION WEEK, April 3rd, Mendelssohn's ELIJAH. Principal Vocalists:—Miss Birch, Miss J. Wells, Miss M. Wells, Miss Clara Henderson, Mr. G. Perren, Mr. Cotterell, Mr. Tillyard, Mr. J. B. Husk, and Mr. Lawler. The Band and Chorus will consist of nearly 800 Performers. Conductor, Mr. SUMMAN, founder of the Exeter-Hall Oratorios. The Subscription to the Society is One, Two, or Three Guineas, per Annum. Members and Subscribers now joining will receive Three or Five Tickets for this Performance. Single Tickets, Area, 3s.; Reserved, in the Area or Gallery, 5s.; Central Reserved, 10s. 6d. Only Office, 9, Exeter-Hall—where may be obtained the Exeter-Hall Edition of the Oratorios.

SIR HENRY BISHOP'S MUSIC, EXETER HALL.—In consequence of the great success which attended the concert on Tuesday, a SECOND and LAST EVENING CONCERT, on the same extended scale, with complete chorus of Two Hundred voices, will take place, under SIR HENRY BISHOP'S personal superintendence, on MONDAY, April 16. Mitchell's Royal Library, March 28.

EXETER HALL.—MR. GEORGE CASE begs to announce that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place on Wednesday Evening, April 11. Vocalists:—Madame Anna Tullon, Mrs. Sims Reeves, Madame Weiss, Miss Poole, Miss Rebecca Leves, Miss Featherstone, Mrs. Henri Drayton, Miss Rausford, Miss Fanny Hudlart, the Misses Brougham, Miss Stabach, Miss Julia Harland, Miss Lizzy Stuart, Miss Rose Brahan, and Madame Rudorff; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Augustus Brahan, Herr Reichart, Mr. G. Perren, Mr. Genze, Herr Zeiger, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Henri Drayton, Mr. Hamilton Brahan, Mr. Charles Cotton, Mr. Farquharson, and Mr. Frank Boida. Instrumentalists:—M. Ulla Coulton, Miss Rosina Bentley, Miss Case, Mr. W. H. Holmes, Herr Kuhn, Herr H. Bohrer, Herr Gollnick, Mr. Frederick Chatterton, Mr. R. S. Pratten, Mr. Lazarus, M. Baumann, Mr. T. Harper, Mr. C. Harper, Signor Clotti, Mr. Howell, Messrs. G. and J. Case. The orchestra will be complete. Leader, Mr. Viotti Collins. Tickets, 1s., 2s., 2s. 6d., and 3s.; Stalls, 5s.; to be had at the repository for Case's concertinas, Messrs. Boosey and Sons', 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square; at Mr. C. Case's, 24, Bishopsgate-street-within; at the Exeter-hall ticket-office; the principal music-sellers and libraries.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Monday, April 2, 1855, and Every Evening, at Eight o'clock (Fridays excepted). Miss F. HORTON'S ILLUSTRATIVE GATHERINGS. Mrs. T. German Reed will have the honour of presenting their New Entertainment, consisting of Musical and Characteristic Illustrations, introducing a variety of amusing and interesting characters from real life, including English, French, and Italian Songs. Admission, 1s.; Centre Seats, 2s.; Stalls 3s. To commence at Eight and terminate at Ten o'clock. Tickets to be had at St. Martin's Hall, and all Music-sellers.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter-hall.—The THIRD GRAND PERFORMANCE will take place on Wednesday, April 25, in aid of the funds of the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton. The Directors have the pleasure to announce that they have engaged Signor Bellotti for this performance.

A CATALOGUE of Second-hand Vocal and Instrumental Music, and of Books relating to Music, is just published, and will be sent to music buyers post-free on application. John Petheram, 94, High Holborn, London.

TO be Published by Subscription on the 19th of April, "A JUBILEE CANTATA," written in commemoration of the Centenary Celebrations of the Moravian Brethren in Yorkshire during the year 1855. By E. SEWELL, Professor, Fulneck, near Leeds. The work will comprise about forty pages (folio), containing ten movements of an ecclesiastical character, in vocal score, with accompaniment for the piano. Price 6s. to subscribers; 5s. 6d. to non-subscribers.—N.B. Orchestral Parts can be had on application to the Composer.

REINAGLE.—A FEW WORDS ON PIANOFORTE PLAYING, with rules for fingering some passages of frequent occurrence, addressed to her Pupils by CAROLINE REINAGLE, (36 pages) 1s. 6d. Novello, London.—In Oxford, at Russell's and at Houghton's Music Shops.

THE MUSICAL DIRECTORY FOR 1855.

CONTENTS:

1. An Almanack, with musical data.
2. A List of Musical Societies throughout the Kingdom.
3. The Musical Doings of the past year.
4. Complete List of Music published throughout the Kingdom between 1st of January and 31st December, 1854.
5. Names of Professors, Music-sellers, and Musical Instrument Manufacturers, throughout the Kingdom, with their Addresses, &c.

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The following quotations show the high estimation in which HERR GOLLMICK's compositions are held by the leading Musical Critics.

MUSICAL WORLD.

"As a composer of light and elegant music for the drawing-room, the author of these pieces holds a distinguished rank among contemporary musicians. Herr Gollmick is a good pianist, and writes with a thorough knowledge of the instrument. He is never common-place, and even in his least ambitious efforts there is always an evident feeling of refinement, which shows itself in various ways, and while it often leads him into a graceful distribution of his ideas, prevents him from falling into the vulgar path, which so many composers of *morceaux de salon* find it hard, if not impossible, to avoid. None of the pieces before us are difficult; yet all of them are showy and effective, and while each has its individual character, each contains some pretty and striking thought, some novel passage, and some nice instance of harmony which betrays the musician of taste.

"*Belisario* is a brilliant piece for four hands, consisting of a short introduction, a theme with three variations, and a vigorous march for *coda*. The second variation, in D flat, is particularly effective. Whether the two themes are from Donizetti's *Belisario* we are unable to say, not being familiarly acquainted with that opera. Their origin is not indicated in the title of the duet. They are both good.

"*Minerva* is a dashing and energetic waltz, in the key of E flat, also for two performers. The first subject is rhythmical and well adapted for dancing, although the piece is rather a *dance de concert*, like Weber's *Invitation à la valse*, than anything else. The second subject, in D flat, consists simply of a scale of three and four octaves, alternately, introduced with excellent effect. An episode, beginning in G flat, and modulating back to the original key, is graceful and pretty.

"The *Farewell* is a very pleasing *andante*, in the style of a song without words, with a short introduction and a brilliant *coda*. For *connoisseurs*, this *morceau*, which is in the key of E major, is likely to have more attractions than the others.

"*Europa* is an animated galop in E flat, with a florid and effective episode in the subdominant, easy to play and agreeable to listen to.

"So far as what is termed 'character' is concerned, the *Chanson à Boire* (also in E flat) has more chance of enlisting the popular ear, and acquiring general favour, than any of its companions. The second motive, in A flat, is charming and well developed. The whole is easy and fluent, and admirably suited to players of moderate capacity, who prefer something new and fresh to the eternal *fantasias*, and airs with variations, under which the shelves of music-publishers have been groaning for the last quarter of a century.

"Altogether we may compliment Herr Gollmick on these pieces, which, without any appearance of pretence, are graceful and pleasant—as good things of their kind, indeed, as need be sought for."

CRITIC.

"HERR ADOLPH GOLLMICK, a composer of considerable celebrity, and still more considerable talent, is a resident in London, highly esteemed in musical circles for his graceful style of pianism. The specimens of his compositions, the first that we have seen, give us at once a favourable idea of his powers, and entitle him to the consideration of our musical readers. The characteristics of Herr Gollmick's compositions are—fascinating melodies, an easy, brilliant, and graceful style of writing, offering a variety of effects, and not presenting any great difficulties. In no modern music have we met with such a happy and spontaneous idea as the theme of the *'Europa Galop.'* It is of that pleasantly-exciting kind that one listens to over and over again without tiring. The *'Marche Heroique'* is bold and vigorous, with a charming motive for its principal subject. It is rather less effective than the *Europa*, and may be more adapted for the orchestra than the piano, notwithstanding which it will doubtless be played by all who admire really tuneful music. The *'Valse Styrienne'* will in a short time form part of every lady's *répertoire* for the piano, or we are no judges of the taste of our fair countrywomen. The most bewitching *valse* is this *'Styrienne.'* Indeed, if this *morceau* were indorsed by Bellini's name, we should compliment the composer on his happy inspiration. The *'Ethiopian Carriee'* is a fantasia in the modern style, on the well-known melody of *'Mary Blane.'* Of this piece we can speak in terms of commendation, and can recommend it to players who have a tolerably good command of the piano, and can execute bravura passages without stumbling. Our readers will observe, from our remarks, that M. Gollmick's compositions are specially adapted for drawing-room performance, on account of the attractive melodies and finished and brilliant passages which pervade them, unaccompanied by the awkward difficulties which tyros and uneducated musicians throw into their music."

LADY'S NEWSPAPER.

"Among the many gallant composers who devote their ideas to the service of the ladies, Herr Gollmick stands foremost. His pre-eminence may be attributed to the forcible character of his compositions, which, although within the reach of average pianists, have attractions for musicians of a larger growth. Although light, the pieces before us may be really termed 'good' as that word is understood in musical dialect. For instance, in no modern *musique de chambre* have we met with anything to compare to the *'Europa'* for happy melody, brilliancy, and finish. There is a perfect unity and decided individuality about it, bearing evidence of true genius in the author. The *'Valse Styrienne'* is remarkably graceful, with a pleasant touch of melancholy, characteristic of Styrian music. Equal praise must be awarded to the *'Marche Heroique'*, a bold and spontaneous theme followed by a delicious trio, belonging to that class of music of which Lindpaintner's *'Standard Beyer'*, and Gungl's *'Krieger's List'* are famous specimens. Easily acquired, but not easily forgotten, are Herr Gollmick's compositions. Their melodies strike the fancy, while many passages are so beautifully wrought as to win instant and unqualified admiration.

MORNING ADVERTISER.

"We were glad, the other day, to have an opportunity of hearing a young German composer (Gollmick) play over several of his compositions; for he interpreted his own creations with a spirit and grace that gave full effect to them. Our musical readers will be acquainted with the *galop de concert*, entitled *'Europa,'* which has had a wide reputation.

"We attended M. Gollmick's performance, because we were glad of an opportunity of extending a reputation already considerable, and because we believe he is gifted with a genuine invention and power. In all his productions there is much true melody, and he has the rare gift of invention. The manufacture of music, like the manufacture of Sheffield plate, can be carried on by artisans; but the artist alone invests with new life and interest the old sounds or forms. This young German seems to us gifted with a genuine capacity for composition, and in all his pieces there is freedom and fanciful expression.

"In a piece entitled *'Gage d'Amitié,'* brilliancy and joyousness run through it, mingled with a tenderness that makes it worthy of its name. *'La Grande Marche Heroique,'* has a great deal of processional grandeur in it. This is an orchestral composition, and therefore is not heard to full advantage in its mere arrangement for the pianoforte. Still there is fully perceptible the long resounding tread, and the lofty and elevating ideas that should predominate in such a piece.

"*Le Revoir* is a more tender piece, but without a taint of the mere sentimental, it being a characteristic of M. Gollmick that he is healthy and sound, and seems not to have any morbidity or affectation in him. In the *'Valse Styrienne'* there is a great deal of character, and the music sounds fresh and unhackneyed.

"We have been solicitous to draw attention to M. Gollmick, and his compositions, because, whatever has the quality of originality and purity deserves it; and we believe that the musical composer is as much entitled to distinct notice, and is as much rewarded by discreet admiration, as the author who appears in letter-press."

LIVERPOOL MAIL.

"Herr Gollmick is, we fancy, a very promising composer. His *'Chanson à Boire'* is lively and original, full of true bacchanal spirit yet free from coarseness and common-place; while he has not attempted to prove his theoretical knowledge of his art by making his *'Chanson'* almost impossible to be played, except by a *Leist* or a *Thalberg*. We shall look for further compositions from Herr Gollmick with interest."

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

"*'Chanson à Boire,'* by Gollmick. This is a very sweet *morceau* for the pianoforte. The melody is beautifully led all through, it carrying fancy, feeling, and fingers all along with it."

"*'Europa Galop,'* by Gollmick. Is a sterling and spirited composition. Some of the movements are excellent, and, like most of this talented composer's works, the *Europa Galop* blends sound practice with harmonious construction. The combination of smoothness and power in it must satisfy musician and dancer at once."

"The *'Marche Heroique'* is an admirable composition. It affords capital practice for those who wish to acquire a fine octave hand, and should be given to all earnest students."

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